To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE, *Author of the Celebrated* WORM-POWDER.

By Mr. *POPE.*

HOW much, Egregious MOORE, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews, and Forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Human Race are Worms.

Man, is a very Worm by Birth,
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,
A-while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That *Woman* is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Gran'am's Evil:
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That Ancient Worm, the *Devil.*

But whether Man, or He, God knows,
Fœcundified her Belly,
With that pure Stuff from whence we roſe,
The Genial *Vermicelli.*

The *Learn'd* themſelves, we Book-Worms name:
The *Blockhead*, is a Slow-Worm;
The *Nymph*, whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The

The *Fops* are painted Butter-Flies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they took their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The *Flatterer* an Ear-wig grows.
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are Muck-Worms, Silk-Worms *Beaus*,
And Death-Watches *Phyſicians*.

That *Stateſmen* have a Worm is ſeen,
By all their winding Play:
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! MOORE! thy Skill were well Employ'd,
And greater Gain wou'd riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never Dies.

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
Since Worms ſhall Eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only can'ſt our Fates adjourn,
Some few ſhort Years, no more;
Ev'n BUTTON's Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who *Maggots* were before.

F I N I S.

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